

## INBRIETY A DISEASE.

The Conclusions Reached by a Close Investigation of the Subject.

A writer in Popular Science Monthly describes in a general way a peculiar mental state following the toxic use of alcohol, which has only recently attracted attention, and which promises to be a very important factor in the medical jurisprudence of the future. After making mention of a number of peculiar cases of "alcoholic trance," the writer concludes by saying that in this trance state the person is a mere automaton in motion, either moving along certain fixed lines of conduct, or acting in obedience to unknown forces which may change or vary any moment. Some governing center has suspended, and all remembrance of consciousness of time and the relation of events has stopped. Changing thoughts and impulses, the suggestion of a disturbed organ, or the impression of a thought or desire felt in the past, may suddenly concentrate into action, irrespective of consequences. Both subjective and objective states, influenced by conditions of health and brain power, may develop into acts that will be unknown and unrecorded by the higher brain centers.

Clinical facts within the observation of any one will indicate, without any kind of doubt, that in all cases of inebriety there is a defective brain power and ability to recognize the natural relations of life in all particulars. The sufferer is more or less incapable of healthy normal thought and action; he has opened the door for many complex nervous disorders, and the natural process of tearing down the structure is greatly accelerated. If the trance state is found to be present he has passed into the realm of practical irresponsibility and unconsciousness of the nature and character of his actions. The following summary will be found to outline the future recognition and treatment of these cases:

Inebriety in all cases must be regarded as a disease, and the patient forced to use the means for recovery. Like the victim of infectious disease, his personal responsibility is increased, and the community with him are bound to insist on the treatment as a necessity.

Inebriety must be recognized as a condition of legal irresponsibility to a certain extent, depending on the circumstances of each individual case.

All unusual acts of crime committed by inebriates, either in a state of partial stupor or alleged amnesia (or loss of memory), which come under legal recognition, should receive thorough study by competent physicians before the legal responsibility can be determined.

When the trance state is established beyond doubt, the person is both physiologically and legally irresponsible for his acts during this period. But each case should always be determined from the facts of its individual history.

In the light of science the present legal treatment of inebriety is but little else than barbarism. The object of the law, in punishment, benefits no one, and makes the patient more incurable—destroying all possibility of recovery and return to health again. Inebriety in any form may be no excuse for crime in a legal sense, but it is still less an excuse for punishment, which destroys the victim or makes him more helpless and hopeless. A vast army of inebriates hovering along these border-lands of disease and crime, who are unknown and unrecognized except "as vicious and desperately wicked," are a perpetual menace to all progress and civilization unless they can be reached and checked by rational, effective methods. A revolution of sentiment and practice is demanded, in which the inebriate and the conditions which developed his malady shall be understood; then the means for prevention, restoration and recovery can be applied along the line of nature's laws.

### The Modern Pugilist.

(New York Tribune.)

The modern pugilist, with the exception of the short intervals when he is supposed to be training, is employed as an advertising card in some "saloon." There he drinks freely, lives habitually in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke, and takes more liberties with nature than nature will pardon in a brief course of training. Skill he may have, but no noteworthy amount of strength, endurance and stamina.

There are hundreds of strong young men in America who have lived temperate and abstemious lives, who if they practiced boxing for some months so as to acquire a reasonable amount of "science," could make a clean sweep of all these "pot-house" pugilists, with exception, perhaps, of Sullivan, and not a few would probably prove more than a match for him. He has marvelous strength and a magnificent constitution, but abuses it after a fashion that nature does not permit to go unpunished. A hard drinker can not long make a hard fighter. Of course there is no intention of inciting young men of robust health and strength and clean lives to become professional pugilists. The country has better work for them to do. But meanwhile the pugilists that are at present trying to make a living off the public ought to pass for no more than they are worth.

### Strange Geological Formations.

(New York Sun.)

Capt. C. E. Dutton, of the Washington geological survey, has been studying some remarkable relics of ancient volcanic action in the northwestern portion of New Mexico. They consist of a multitude of needle-like peaks rising out of the broad valley bottoms to altitudes varying from 1,000 to 3,000 feet. They are composed of black basaltic lava, having a beautiful columnar structure like the basalt of the Giant's Causeway. They are remnants of lava which once rose up out of the earth through the strata and congealed in the volcanic pipes or vents. In later periods the strata which inclosed them have been discolored away and removed by the general erosion of the country, leaving these basaltic cores projecting many hundreds of feet in the air, as castles of the volcanic pipes or passages through which the ancient towers rose to the surface.

### Greenland's Mosquitoes.

The heat and mosquitoes at the Danish scientific station in south Greenland are suggestive of a tropical climate.

### The Doctor in Asia Minor.

(Memor of Humphrey Sandwith.)

As my patients became numerous and pestered me at all hours, I fitted up a spare tent to serve as my dispensary, and gave out that I received at the time of afternoon prayer (saw). I took my seat at the door of my tent, and soon had a crowd around me, many suffering from real diseases, many from imaginary ones, and many bringing for my inspection the effects of diseases, such as palsied limbs and stiff joints. A young man was the first who presented himself, most vociferous to see hakeem. He entered my tent and desired a private interview. "Ishareed, what do you want," I asked. "Ya hakeem, shoot," he began; "look here, I am married to a wife and am somewhat tired of her, and I have fallen in love with a virgin, whom I wish to marry, but my wife, curses on her! has found it out, so wallah! and has given her a charm which prevents the beautiful virgin from loving me. I have beaten my wife, but that is of no use. Ya hakeem, I am your sacrifice!"

"Taking me by the head, which he kissed—"God bless you, hakeem, give me strong medicine to kill the charm, and I am your slave and sacrifice." "Here," said I, "take this pill fasting and you are cured." And as he retired with the precious bread pill, which he tied up in the corner of his sleeve, he called down blessings on my head.

An old woman next came forward, and taking hold of the corner of my cloak she kissed it, and then kneeling before me began in a very wheedling manner to call my attention to her case. She went on to describe the most anomalous symptoms, affecting her eyes, ears, limbs, and sometimes every part of her. On further inquiry she confessed to be quite well at that moment, but a year ago having had these strange complaints, she dreaded the same thing would invade this year. I then promised to give her strong medicine, but ordered the crowd to stand at a short distance from us. A space is cleared and all wait in silent admiration for my remedy. I slowly draw forth a bottle of strong liquor of ammonia (or smelling salts) from my medicine chest, and holding it before my patient's eyes tell her to draw in a strong breath when I put it to her nose. I accordingly first hold her nostrils, then, having removed the stopper, I apply the mouth of the bottle to the nose, the fingers are removed, a long sniff is taken, followed by a spasm, and she falls to the ground. A hum of horror runs through the crowd; the patient after a short interval rises, her eyes streaming with tears, and then broke from the crowd: "There is no God but the God, and Mohammed is the apostle of God."

### A National Handicraft House.

(Cor. Chicago Times.)

Washington is lethal in its influence. There is no rigid rectangularity in its streets. They are so arranged that one reaches almost any point without much exertion. The angles are all obliterated. Curving lines of beauty are met in every direction. There are dreamily splashing fountains, parks with gentle billows of foliage; the atmosphere is a soft tint of gray, and the architecture is in harmony with it; there nowhere being obstructive colors or startling projections.

In this delightful city there is none of the activity of sharp commercial life. The environment is one which suggests repose; it begets lethargy, and woe to inaction. The result is that a life here induces listlessness, dreaminess and a distaste for the activities of commercial life. The fact has a bearing upon those who live here, and especially those who are in the service of the government. Such men are employed; they are trusted with independent powers; they are automata that move and operate as directed by some external power. They lose all self-reliance and independence, and become in moral strength no grade above the African slave.

When the end of their service comes they have no provision for the future; they cannot fall back on any habits of industry they may have acquired, no profession they have learned, no position for which they may have fitted themselves. There is for them no paternal government, as is the case with the African freedman, to care for them, to put them on their feet, to teach them to walk alone, to place them where they can secure at least a subsistence. Their condition is abject and pitiful. They are opium-eaters of many years of indulgence, who are suddenly deprived of their drug, and thrown out into the world to depend on chance or beggary to escape starvation.

### A Gender That Dances.

(Popular Science Monthly.)

A friend sends me an account of a bobolink that, placed in a cage with some canaries, exhibited great delight at their songs. He did not sing himself, but with a peculiar cluck could always set the canaries singing. After awhile he began to learn their songs note by note, and, in the course of a few weeks, mastered the entire song. A lively air on a violin will sometimes set a whole flock of geese wild with delight. On one occasion, at a country wedding, I was witness of a curious performance by one of these animals. After dinner a lady entertained the guests assembled on the lawn with music from an accordion. A flock of geese were feeding in the road just below the house, and with outstretched necks answered back loud notes of satisfaction. Soon a white pander commenced dancing a lively jig, keeping good time to the music. For several minutes he kept up the performance, to the great delight of the company. The experiment was tried several times for a week or more, and the tones of the accordion never failed to set the old gender into a lively dance.

### A Pretty Night.

(Philadelphia Call.)

"Isn't it a grand night!" exclaimed an enthusiastic member of The Lowell Press rifle club, as the boys were popping away at their beautifully painted target. "Very pretty," assented a stranger from the far west. "It reminds me of a Vassar college commencement I once attended."

### Why Tranny Stories Are Written.

(New York Sun. Boston Advertiser.)

It is a striking commentary on the unremunerativeness of literature that men and women of ability and reputation here, who write clever books and papers in magazines, and whose names are so ill repaid that they frequently contribute under pseudonyms, tales, sketches, and verses for the so-called story papers. These contributions, necessarily of an ordinary grade, are much better recompensed than their more ambitious and elaborate efforts. Authors of talent and culture and nice discrimination naturally do not like to descend to the level of the readers of such trash, but they do so from the need of money. They deliberately adopt the worst style and choose the most improbable incidents to fit their market. If they wrote their nicest and best the editors would not accept any of their MSS. Those editors would not have taken Emerson's finest essays or Hawthorne's finest tales as a gift. They frankly say that they want what servant girls will devour and newboys read under the street lamps.

Not long ago a young poet and novelist of renown was sorely troubled to find that one of his blood-curdling stories in a sensational weekly had appeared with his real name. He hurried to the office in great trepidation, declaring that his literary reputation would be ruined. In the next number a fictitious signature was substituted, and he breathed freely again.

Some of the regular contributors to the weeklies earn \$4,000 to \$5,000 annually, and others considerable more. Robert Bonner pays his story-writers \$5,000 a year for their exclusive services. If they would, or rather could, write for The Atlantic, Harper's, or The Century, they would not get \$1,000. The best paid literary (I) man in the country is a regular contributor to a weekly, published in the swamp. He has no gift whatever. His stuff would make a well-cared dog howl, if it were read to him in a redemptive hour. But he receives \$15,000 for his creations. Who says that American literature does not flourish on its own soil? This is five times as much as most men of unquestionable genius can secure by the severest and most conscientious labor.

### Cuba's Finances and Trade.

(A. Ward in Indianapolis Herald.)

Exclusive in their manners, those Spanish Cubans are exclusive in their grasp on the magnificent resources of their country. Other times must come and changed political conditions must be effected before other hands will be permitted to bear a part in their development. At present there is little or no industry pursued on the island beyond that pertaining to its agriculture. Outside of what the soil yields them the people buy nearly everything they consume or have in use. Europe sells them their clothing, Philadelphia traffics with them for their steam engines and locomotives, their railway carriages are built in Wilmington and Dayton, their cabinet furniture is made in Cincinnati and Boston. Pittsburgh makes their plows; their beer is brewed in St. Louis and Milwaukee, while much of their laundry starch is shipped them from Madison. Their curiously shaped crockery and glass ware are moulded in Europe for them, and when they want marble tombstones they send to Genoa for it.

A country whose people are thus conditioned, whose laws admit of no escape from this condition and its fair consequences, can have no place, in spite of its seeming wealth of natural advantages, upon which a stranger may thrive, nor can it be the mere semblance of prosperity exist among themselves. Since I left Havana a financial panic has involved more than seven-tenths of the commercial and planting interests of the island. From this, and a variety of other causes, the exports of the island's products have decreased amazingly. In 1912, there was shipped abroad from Cuba, of sugar alone, 600,000 tons at a valuation of \$60,000,000; the falling off in the export of last year is reported at nearly one-half of these figures.

### The Eyeball Taken Out.

(Medical Journal.)

A new surgical operation upon the eye was recently performed in Philadelphia by Dr. Jones, an oculist, assisted by a number of other eminent surgeons. The operation upon the injured member is thus described: The conjunctiva was first severed from the eyeball; the muscles of the eyeball were then taken up and out from the ball, the optic nerve cut and the eyeball taken out. The severed muscles were then caught up again and sewed to the under surface of the conjunctiva, and when this had been accomplished the conjunctiva was allowed to fall back into the cavity. It thus forms a sack, in which, when the healing process has been accomplished, the artificial eye will rest. Dr. Jones' theory is, that when the muscles have become permanently attached to the conjunctiva, as they will in the healing process, they will respond to the movements of the muscles of the healthy eye, move the sack and consequently the artificial eye, in conformity with the movement of its natural companion.

### Electric Bells to Summon Senators.

(Washington Star.)

Every committee room of the senate has been supplied with an electric bell, which is rung by a touch upon a button in the senate chamber. The sound of the bell at any time during the sessions of the senate will be a summons to senators in the committee rooms to appear in the senate chamber. Under the old plan, when a roll-call came up, or any business demanding the presence of senators, pages had to be sent in search of those not in the chamber. Now, by a touch a ringing summons will be sounded in the committee rooms, restaurant and marble room, which will notify senators that they are wanted in the chamber. When Mr. Clay was speaker of the house he had bells arranged for the same purpose, but as electricity was not then known as such a useful agent the bells were rung by pulling a wire in the hall of the house.

### When First Used.

Gazette, as a name for a newspaper, was first used in 1570 when a Venetian publisher undertook to give "all the news for a gazetta," a small Italian coin.

## THE TIN HOUSE OF MARYVILLE.

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TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY.

BEST OF TIN USED

PRICES

As low or lower than

KNOXVILLE.

BE SURE AND CALL.

### THE FIRST CLOUD.

(Boston Courier.)

They stood at the altar one short year ago; He vowed from the troubles of life to defend her.

To have her hold her for weal or for woe; She spoke the response in accents most tender.

To-night, in the gloom, they are sitting apart; Oh! has all her wifely devotion been wasted!

She moves there in silence, a pain at her heart; The lamps are unlighted, his supper untasted.

Their sky, erst all cloudless, is now overcast; For joy there is sorrow, for gladness dejection.

The serpent has entered their Eden at last, And left its dark trail on the flowers of affection.

Oh, well may there be in her bosom a pain, A grief that she vainly endeavors to smother;

To-night he has told her in language quite plain, She can't cook his meals half as well as his mother!

### MR. GLADSTONE'S ORATORY.

A Comparison with the Methods of Bright and Disraeli.

(Fortnightly Review.)

Mr. Gladstone's oratory is, as for that matter all oratory is, a reflection of the intellectual being of the orator. It is a labored and lengthy, because the mind and brain, which furnish the tongue with language, are so keenly appreciative of the difficulties which may suggest themselves to hearers. If Mr. Gladstone seldom touches a theme without adorning it, he never touches a theme which he does not for the immediate purpose in hand exhaust. His oratory is didactic, homiletic, beseeching, commentarial, and microscopically minute, because he does not forget how tardy the process of conviction is, and how many obstacles must be disposed of before the desired result is obtained.

It is not long since one of his colleagues gave an account of the difference between his own oratorical method and that of the prime minister. "When," he said, "I speak I strike across from headland to headland. But Mr. Gladstone's oratory is a river and whenever he comes to a navigable river he cannot resist the temptation to explore it to its source." All the dissertations on rhetoric since the world began, from Aristotle to Cicero, Tacitus, and Quintilian, down to Whately, Allison and Arnold, may be searched before so happy and terse an illustration is encountered.

For the reason embodied in this figurative definition of two oratorical schools, some of Mr. Bright's single speeches are better than anything of Mr. Gladstone's. Yet it may be doubted whether there is anything finer in nineteenth century oratory than Mr. Gladstone's impromptu speech on Mr. Disraeli's budget of 1853, or than his peroration before the division on the second reading of Lord Russell's reform bill was taken in 1866. In the same way this tribute to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield in 1881 was not only a masterpiece of taste and judgment, but of that peculiar class of oratorical composition to which it belonged. It also furnished a remarkable illustration of Mr. Gladstone's felicity in quotations, an ornament of debate now practically obsolete.

On the whole, Mr. Hayward's estimate of Gladstone as a speaker leaves nothing unsaid: "It is eclipsed first, and all the rest nowhere. He may lack Mr. Bright's impressive diction—impressive by its simplicity—or Mr. Disraeli's humor and sarcasm. But he has made them eminently successful speeches to Mr. Bright's or Mr. Disraeli's one. His foot is over in the stirrup; his lance is over in the rest. He throws down the gauntlet to all comers. Right or wrong, he is always real, natural, earnest, unaffected, and unforced. He is a great debater, a great parliamentary speaker."

He is also an eminently persuasive speaker, and that explains why he has been so successful in the House of Commons. There is no writer the tones of whose voice it is easier to hear with the ear of imagination in the infectious and convulsions of his literary style than Mr. Gladstone. There are few speakers whose speeches it is less satisfactory to read. Yet nothing is more certain than that if Mr. Gladstone's oratory were better literature it would have been less fruitful of results.

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75 Acres of Land,

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To any one with children to educate, or desiring a handsome home in which to live, the location is very desirable.

Any further information can be had by calling at the premises or addressing the undersigned.

R. F. WALKER,

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SIKE GREER

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BOOTS AND SHOES

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Prices very rea-

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Asks for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Tracheitis, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

### "Roughs on Itats."

Clean cut rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers, 15c. Drug-gists.

### Heart Pains.

Palpitation, Dropsical, Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness cured by "Well's Health Renewer."

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Asks for Well's "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Rough on Pain" Porous Plaster.

Strengthening, improved, the best for back-ache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia.

### Thin People.

"Well's Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Nervousness, Debility, 5c.

### Whooping Cough,

And the many Throat Affections of children, promptly, pleasantly and safely relieved by "Rough on Coughs." Tracheitis, 15c; Balm, 25c.

### Mothers.

If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Well's Health Renewer." 5c. Drug-gists.

### Life Preserver.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Well's Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

### "Rough on Toothache."

Instant relief for Neuralgia, Toothache, Ear-ache. Asks for "Rough on Toothache." 15c and 25c.

### Pretty Women.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Well's Health Renewer."

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Harshness, irritating Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, cured by "Rough on Coughs." Tracheitis, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

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With many novelties for the Fall

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THE LARGE SHIELD WATCH

SIGN IS THE JEWELRY

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Songs Never Sung.

"How does that verse run? Something like this, isn't it?"

"There are who touch the magic string, And noisy fane is proud to win them; Alas! for those who never sing, But die with all their music in them."

"Yes, that's beautiful, pathetic and true," said your representative.

"The poet alludes to people who are somehow suppressed, and never get their full allowance of joy and air. Which reminds me of a letter shown me the other day by HISCOCK & Co., New York, signed by Mr. E. C. Williams, of Chapman, Snyder & Co., Pa., a prominent business man of that place. He writes:

"I have suffered with asthma for over forty years, and had a terrible attack in December and January, 1882. I hardly know what prompted me to take PARKER'S TONIC. I did so, and the first day I took four doses. The effect astonished me. That night I slept as if nothing was the matter with me, and have ever since. I have had colds since but no asthma. My breathing is now as perfect as if I had never known that disease. If you know of any one who has asthma tell him to say name that PARKER'S TONIC will cure it—even after forty years." There was a man who escaped the fate of those who never sing.

This preparation, which has heretofore been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will heretofore be advertised and sold under the name of PARKER'S TONIC. Inasmuch as ginger is really an unimportant ingredient, and unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their customers by substituting inferior preparations under the name of ginger, we drop the misleading word.